

THE BENBOW,

GREENSBORO, N. C.



NEW, MODERN, COMFORTABLE, 84 PRIVATE BATHS,
Telephone in every room, Passenger Elevator, Hotwater Radiation, Sand-
finished Walls, Hardwood Floors Throughout, Thoroughly Sanitary.

**A NICE STOPPING PLACE GOING TO AND FROM
SOUTHERN RESORTS.**

A pleasant excursion point for Pinehurst patrons,
only short distance by rail.

RATES: \$2.50 to \$5.00 per Day, \$14.00 to \$30.00 per Week.

CHAS. D. BENBOW, Owner and Propr.

Formerly Resident Manager at Pinehurst.

THE SPECIAL CHRISTMAS NUMBER

—OF—

The Pinehurst Outlook

WILL BE

The Handsomest Paper ever Issued from this office

A Specially Designed, color title page will be an attractive Specialty and numerous illustrations and appropriate text, will be interesting features.

And last but not least, will be a Supplement containing Two Superb Reproductions of

Pinehurst Scenery.

6 1-2 x 8 1-2 inches, printed on heavy paper, suitable for framing.

The Edition will be Limited.

Orders should be placed at once, not only for one copy, but for many, for it will be a paper that Pinehurst Lovers everywhere will want to send to friends.

His presence and love, turning our hearts to the Giver of all good; by joining regularly and devoutly in the worship of God on the Lord's Day and thus making thankfulness evident to all men; and also by remembering that God has put us here to act for Him in conveying His bounty to others.

By justice, humanity and liberality, we can do God's work in the world, in imitation of the life of our Saviour, who came to show us what God is and what man is meant to be.

An offering was taken for the benefit of the Thompson Orphanage of Charlotte, N. C., and the service closed with the singing of "America."

Dinner was made an important feature throughout the Village, elaborate menus in which "Vermont" turkey figured prominently being the rule at The Berkshire, The Casino, The Marlborough, The Lenox and Concord, and The Pine Grove House.

Many of the cottagers dined at home quietly, but some were guests at hotels. The afternoon was quietly spent about blazing fireplaces or out of doors, and the evening was given up to informal entertainments, the most important of which was the "Book Party" at The Berkshire.

The Department Store and General Office closed at noon for the day.

A few golf enthusiasts spent the afternoon on the links, and some sportsmen took advantage of the fine weather to make a short trip for quail. In fact, Pinehurst's Northern residents observed Thanksgiving in their own quiet way just as it was observed in hundreds of villages and thousands of homes throughout New England, where Thanksgiving has a peculiar significance.

Post Office Schedule.

The present Post Office schedule, in effect until December 15th, is as follows:

DEPARTURE—MAILS CLOSE.

5.40 A. M. to North
9.00 " " and South*
11.20 " Aberdeen, local
2.45 P. M. to North
3.45 " Aberdeen, local
5.15 " North and South

ARRIVALS—OPEN.

7.30 A. M. from North
10.00 " South
12.00 M. North
3.30 P. M. " and South*
4.30 " " local
7.00 " "

*Registered matter sent at these times only.

Tarryfyin' Problems.

Moses in de bullrush,
Mighty clost de sea;
'Spouse de tide hed riz up,
Whar would Moses be?

Joshua in de battle,
Ain't got light ter see;
'Spouse de sun been sleepy,
Whar would Joshua be?

Jonah in de big storm—
Whar would Jonah be
Ef de big whale hadn't said:
"Dis too much for me?"

Tarryfyin' problems—
Des won't brush away!
Hope we'll see 'em plainer
W'en come de rising day.

—Atlanta Constitution.

MAY J.'S FIRST WIN!

Strangely Fascinating Story of the Race
Track.

How a "Joke Mare" Made Fortunes
Recently.

Race track annals contain no story more strangely fascinating than the one which tells of "May J.," Russell Sage's "joke mare," and the only race she has ever won. This is the story as the special (New York) correspondent of the Washington Star tells it in a recent letter:

Almost from the beginning of the metropolitan racing season the mare May J. has been a byword and a joke among race followers around here. She was the most consistent tail-ender in training from the opening of the first meeting. Last in the procession was her position for exactly twenty-nine races. Along toward the middle of the season they got to betting that she would finish last, and those who were foolish enough to accept bets against this proposition soon learned their lesson. In some of her races May J. was beaten almost an eighth of a mile. She didn't appear to be able to run fast enough to keep herself warm, even on the most blistering days of the midsummer. Her owner raced her constantly, in order to claim horses out of selling races. Once, when May J. ran at the Sheepshead Bay meeting in September, she went to the post at these figures: 10,000 to 1 to win, 4,000 to 1 to run second and 2,000 to 1 to "show," or run third. And yet, notwithstanding her atrocious record, and the fact that her place at the wire was invariably last, there were always a few holiday folk willing enough to risk a few dollars on her chances "across the board." About a month ago May J.'s owner sold the poor, despised mare to the son of a once famous jockey for \$50. He would have given her away had he not been able to sell her for that amount.

One day last week this "under dog," May J., was entered in a race at the Aqueduct race track for "maiden-three-year-olds"—a motley parcel of animals that had never won a race. There were twenty of them entered, and every last one of them went to the post. When May J.'s name was posted as a starter there was the usual boisterous laugh among the wise ones, and the terms of "land crab," "mud turtle," "goat," "skate" and "steam roller" flew about, as they always did when May J.'s name was mentioned. Few of the horses in the race were known, but, even at that, May J., as a simple matter of course, was made the "rank outsider" by the bookmakers. One of them made her price 1,000 to 1, but when a number of needy-looking "pikers" swooped upon him and took that price in \$2 and \$5 bets, he "rubbed" the odds and made May J. 500 to 1 to win. After a while, so steady was the stream of \$2 and \$5 and even \$10 bets at this figure, that he "rubbed" again, so that May J. closed in his book, as she did all over the ring, at 200 to 1. Scores of bets were registered at this figure, and every time a bookmaker took in a bill on the joke mare, he laughed in